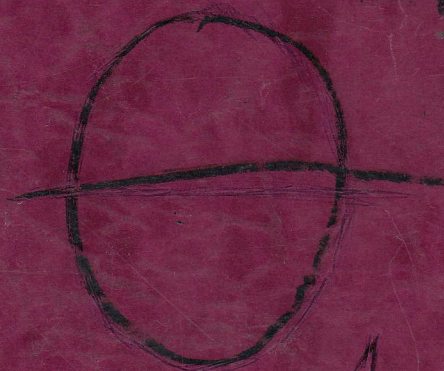


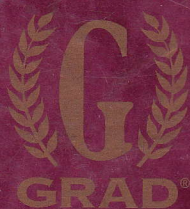
mead

SCRIBBLING BRAINWAVES



1

JUNE 1997



100 sheets
composition book

21:30
06/10/06
No one comes around anymore. I used to get
crack heads by here all the time, but now
that I am a smart bum living as a
wise hermit, I get no visitors banging
on my windows at night.

I am able to rest.
Perhaps I will go see The Last World alone.
The last show started at 10:40 PM.

I wish I had the company of a
tender young woman. She would
quiet the lonely beast.
I reflect upon Hermann Hesse's
novel, Steppenwolf, in which the
anti-hero was a man of intellect
like myself, but about 20 years
my senior.

I am in a similar state as
he was when he went into the Black
Eagle (FOR MADMEN ONLY) ... There are
women of the night waiting to
take money \$ in exchange for
the wet love between
their legs, in their mouths, and
in their fingers.

Fortunately I do not have the money or
need for that. I use my own fingers.
I just wish I had a female
to keep me company. That's all.
I know Kristen would be a better
companion than Shannon. I ~~SAW~~ Kristen tonight.

There are vines growing up the sides of the house. There are branches on the roof, etc. I will smoke herb, crank the music and do care man things in the yard. Perhaps I will drive downtown for a cup of \$1.27 coffee. Upon returning to the house, I may record and view the movie, RANSOM.

I am finally high, finally relaxed, finally capable of realizing exactly what is WRONG with CRACK COCAINE. What truly sucks about crack is that the more you do, the faster you do, the faster it goes, the more you crave, the worse you feel.

Be wise. Learn not to crave. Cocaine is something this hermit can live without. As soon as the user is under the spell, satisfying its craving becomes the center of all its cerebral activity.

The Mind Itself races to find means to the end: Rock in paw, rock on can, rock crackles and pops, smoke makes body feel PURE LOVE for 5 seconds, then intense despair at the absence of this pure love.

To me, PURE LOVE = TOTAL ORGANIC PLEASURE
In that 5 seconds one experiences a
"YOU ARE IN THE LAP OF THE GODS" sensation.

02:30
06 27 07
The best guide through being a creature
is Arthur Schopenhauer's The World As Will and Representation.
I think I will study it in my free time
instead of C programming books.

What is this empty feeling inside?
I made it through the night
only to wake up in the same
old routine. There is nothing to
look forward to. I could be
grateful that I have not been
drafted for overtime on Saturdays
at Allaire State Park's new Prisoner's
Workshop with Tom Sandle.

I not only lack the electrical
knowledge of assembling the power
tools, but my lazy days
are worth more than the \$150.00
I might earn by sacrificing my
spacing out time for
yet another day working for the man.

10:00
No thanks,
The more you earn, the more you
spend. I do not want a boat.
I do not want to work overtime
unless it is "easy money".

I am an honest man in that I
am honest with myself. Some people
do not know their own hearts and
minds. These are the masses of humanity.

02:30
06 27 07
The best guide through being a creature
is Arthur Schopenhauer's The World As Will and Representation.
I think I will study it in my free time
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am honest with myself. Some people
do not know their own hearts and
minds. These are the masses of humanity.

I want to "dress down". I do not want to "dress up". I own no suit. I have a humble set of clothing consisting of blue jeans, sweat pants, under garments, and some flannels. I am not a high class criminal in a suit. I am not a street gang scum bag in expensive Italian clothes. I am not a law enforcement officer required to wear a fancy uniform, but a "maintenance employee" requiring only a standard uniform that distinguishes me as an employee of the State Park Service. It is a monkey suit.

Wouldn't a man with wife and children consider the things I write about to be a complete waste of time?

Nothing need be done. The less work a man does, the better for himself and for the community. Our entire civilization keeps on going for the time being. How close are we to total collapse? It is a fragile balance. We are utterly dependent upon electricity and oil as well as the combustion engine. In such an "advanced technology" dependent civilization, a member begins to feel humiliated, colonized, imprisoned.

⊕ Philo : Schopenhauer WWR I §39 : " If we lose ourselves in contemplation of the infinite greatness of the universe in space and time, ~~whose~~ meditate on the past millenia and on those to come, or if the heavens at night actually bring innumerable worlds before our eyes, and so impress on our consciousness the immensity of the universe, we feel ourselves reduced to nothing; we feel ourselves as individuals, as living bodies, as transient phenomena of will, like drops in the ocean, dwindling and dissolving into nothing. But against such a ghost of our own nothingness, against such a lying impossibility, there arises the immediate consciousness that all these worlds exist only in our representation, only as modifications of the eternal subject of pure knowing. This we find ourselves to be, as soon as we forget individuality. it is the necessary, conditional supporter of all worlds and of all periods of time. The vastness of the world, which previously disturbed our peace of mind, now rests within us; our dependence on it is now annulled by its dependence on us. "

" Conduct yourself as a knower rather than as a sufferer. "

1000

06 54 08

I awake with a head cold, aching pains, and a sore throat. The coffee helps. I am smoking a lot of pot. Maybe that has something to do with the sore throat.

I am disappointed in myself that I am drinking more beer than I expected I would be. Do I drink or not? I guess I try to abstain, but I am not married to the alcoholic idea.

I can think my way out of that bullshit. ALCOHOLISM is a condition of belief about the "disease of dependence upon alcohol".

One does not "HAVE" ALCOHOLISM as one would have a cold.

One believes in alcoholism such as one would believe in the theory of evolution. I am not sure if I believe in Alcoholism. I was drunk last night, so drunk that I went nuts on the cat, scaring it into hiding. It has been hiding all night under ~~the~~ washing machine. He will not eat because he is afraid of my temper.

Oh well, let's see how long this stupid fuck realizes that, although I am a caring presence in its life, I am also an unpredictable psychotic who often is in a state of PSYCHOSIS.

NOON
065408

It is indeed a holy day. My sister called to inform me that the tickets for the reception went on sale 2 months ago. I am neither obligated nor permitted to attend.

So I take my pen and notebook back to the sacred place I created in the front yard. I keep a copy of The Imitation of Christ in plastic for a alternative to the pure



contemplation of the heavens. Only now does the herb mix with the juice and sunshine to ease the discomfort anxiety caused by a common cold.

To suffer brings joy in that we really are relieved when the intensity diminishes. We become knowers - of - being instead of sufferers - in - being -

My sister tried to get me to get into "Jesus" on the phone, but I was short with her. She has no idea of with what depth I understand the idea of mind taking human form and suffering with all that is.

08:21
801230

Sitting in "Indian style" in my sacred spot, I sit writing in this notebook. A ranger drives around the bend, notices me - then turns around. I guess I am some sight, like a monk or a holy man. I wonder why the rangers are even going out through the gate to rt. 522. Sunday before the summer schedule is in effect are the only days I can lock the gate, thereby making it a holy day, a day when I can sit upon the grass and allow the presence of pure knowing to settle into my bones.

My sister ruins the process. As soon as she begins to slip naturally into the great beyond, she labels the experience as a "visitation from her Lord Saviour Christ Jesus". Why sabotage the natural transition into pure knowing?

If Christians would imitate Christ, they would forsake Christianity and listen to the old gods that have never left us... I believe the sunshine has come to soothe me, to heal me, to comfort me, to relieve me of the burden of existence which is a great weight on my heart.

People who really know me, know that I write. I wonder what the rangers think of my peculiar solitary ways.

21.00
065408

The Structure of Mathematics : Korzybski
(SS Part VIII) Chapter XXXII :

The rough definition of a function : y is said to be a function of x if, when x is given, y is determined. In symbols $y = f(x)$.

As one of the aims of the calculus is to study relative rates of change we will consider a series of successive values of our variable which differ by little from each other.

Denoting the small increment of x by Δx , so that $x_1 - x_0 = \Delta x$ or $x_1 = x_0 + \Delta x$, function y receives the increment $y_1 - y_0 = \Delta y$ or $y_1 = y_0 + \Delta y$. Since $y_1 = f(x_1)$ and $x_1 = x_0 + \Delta x$, we have :

$$\begin{aligned} y_0 + \Delta y &= f(x_0 + \Delta x) \\ \text{subtract } y_0 &= f(x_0) \\ \Delta y &= f(x_0 + \Delta x) - f(x_0) \end{aligned}$$

$$\frac{\Delta y}{\Delta x} = \frac{f(x_0 + \Delta x) - f(x_0)}{\Delta x}$$

$$\lim_{\Delta x \rightarrow 0} \frac{\Delta y}{\Delta x} = \lim_{\Delta x \rightarrow 0} \frac{f(x_0 + \Delta x) - f(x_0)}{\Delta x}$$

$$y = 2x^3 - x + 5$$

$$y + \Delta y = 2x^3 + 6x^2 \Delta x + 6x (\Delta x)^2 + 2(\Delta x)^3 - x - \Delta x + 5$$

$$\Delta y = 6x^2 \Delta x + 6x (\Delta x)^2 + 2(\Delta x)^3 - \Delta x$$

$$\frac{\Delta y}{\Delta x} = 6x^2 + 6x\Delta x + 2(\Delta x)^2 - 1$$

$$\frac{dx}{dy} = 6x^2 - 1$$

I am once again frustrated.
Where is this knowledge taking me?
I have a change of plans for
the book Science and Sanity. As I
have already delved into the sections on
the calculus, I will attempt
to explore another area.

I will explore PART X,
chapter XL p. 685 The Older 'Matter'
XLI p. 698 The Newer 'Matter'.
NO ... It just doesn't grab me anymore.

The problem with Korzybski is he wants
to fix the world. He writes
as though the world is suffering
from lack of his brand of
education. I might as well
figure out my own system and
write about it.

22:10
06 SU 08

Philosophy by Bertrand Russell
original © 1927 copy

The problem with having Schopenhauer or Russell as mentors is that they were both highly educated, whereas most of us are not. (especially those of us with the capacity to form higher order abstractions about the immediate presence of our nervous system, but lack guidance)

From Russell: A man does not necessarily become a better philosopher through knowing more scientific facts.

Being a philosopher has to do with the quality of one's knowledge. To be philosophic, one learns to see that the world "outside" of our nervous system is REPRESENTED IN OUR EXPERIENCE, so, in reality, the world we experience (SENSE) is unique to our nervous system.

We can be fairly certain that this world does exist similar to all, but the very nature of perception places the entire ~~universe~~ multidimensional universe within the nervous system.

We communicate and attach words to the experiential levels of reality. The words are never what they represent. In fact, the very world we experience is not the thing in itself, but only Nerve Output.

And yet these complex sensory apparatus does serve biological survival, so we trust our understanding of what we perceive ... We have practical tasks to accomplish, such as eating.

Could our basic survival be put in the hands of unconscious forces?

If I had no milk and cereal, would I have the luxury of being able to contemplate the nature of reality? Yes. Why not?

Even the dying, and especially the dying, experience waves of unspeakable insight into the ego-destroying vastness of the world.

For all the infinite numbers of beings that exist, the world remains ~~too~~ singular. With all the diversity in forms, life is still a subjective experience.

There is great paradox here. The ultimate ground for reality is the inner life of the individual phenomenon.

As difficult as it is for our common sense to understand, all bodies - even our own brains - are mental images in space and time - ~~for~~ Space and time are mental functions in the process of observation.

We admit that the world is a mental image processed by our nervous systems, but what of the silent, nonverbal level of reality that is the ~~data~~ EXPERIENTIAL DATA we process?

The "cup of coffee" is a mental image in space and time, and yet through low level motor control the hand reaches for the cup, locates it in space and time, raises it to the definite orifice of its organism and enjoys the effects of caffeine. The chemical is real - it has a nature (IOEA) - and this nature is experienced as taste, effect, smell, etc...

We come to know it. We call it the word coffee. It helps us to focus. Does TRANSCENDENTAL KNOWLEDGE profess that the coffee only exists in my brain?

Again, as difficult as it may be to digest with cock sure common sense, time and space and all reality can only exist for us as representation.

I do not want to lose track of this train of thought: We know the world only in reference to that which represents.

"the act of the will objectified and translated into perception" ...

Bottom line: even though the world is representation, this does not make it less real; but if the world does indeed depend on our individual phenomenon's representation of itself, then this representation may as well be the world itself.

Understanding the inner nature of time and space, the mental nature of our experiential existence, adds high orders of abstraction to our inner life.

Take the automobile. What it is has more to do with what it does rather than what it appears to be.

It is a mental phenomenon. If it has no fuel or oil, it is not much of an "auto-mobile".

Schopenhauer says we do not know a sun, but an eye that sees a sun.

We do not know an automobile, but only a nervous system that experiences an automobile.

But the sun exists in and of itself as a natural force, a *qualitas occulta*.

We cannot know the inner nature of a stone nor of the sun and earth. This is a natural force and lies outside the province of etiological explanations.

The force itself that is manifested, even in the automobile and cup of coffee, (the inner nature of the phenomenon) remains an eternal secret, something strange and unknown.

This is true for the simplest as well as the most complicated phenomena.

Science tells us HOW, WHERE, and WHEN each force manifests itself. All explanations of nature can never be more than a record of inexplicable forces.

We can state rules and patterns. But the inner nature of forces cannot be known from without. Images and names is all we find from without.

Schopenhauer says we can know the inner nature of *qualitas occulta* by studying the inner workings of our own natures. So, do these forces exist independent of an observing mechanism? Would it matter?

I have to follow this train of thought
as I am usually surrounded by men
with very narrow, common minds. I will
make use of my illness. When else
would I have the opportunity to focus
on my nervous system's higher order
abstractions?

I am conscious of abstracting.
The coffee itself (or the sun for that
matter) is RAW MANIFESTATION of a
force.

The will knows its own nature only through
representation. The sun is universal
to all that "represents". I sense
my organism to be far away (relative)
from the sun - but one with
it. The sun is very much part
of my body.

The bic lighter in my hand makes a
flame. The flame will burn
one's skin if left directly on it.

The melting flesh is a mental image.
The lighter is a mental image.
What I hold in my hand is a mental
phenomenon. What I see is an image.

Even my hand holding the object is an
image. Tactile sensations are just
as much images as smells and form
given by light. I cannot know the object,
be it lighter or sun. I only know images of them.

How does transcendental knowledge help
the creature survive?

11:15
06 MO 09

I may include Korzybski in my
intellectual adventure. This time around
I will study the heart of General Semantics:
"On The Mechanism of Time Binding" (Part VII).

I will only be investigating:

XXIV. On Abstracting p. 371

XXVI. 'Consciousness' p. 412

XXVII. Higher Order Abstractions p. 426

To answer the above question concerning
the survival value of being conscious
of the nature of the
processes involved with our perception
and understanding of our environment;

Things are in-themselves subjective
experiences stored in the brain;
only in relation to other things
are they objects.

THINGS are not what they appear to be.
Our minds MAP out the immediate
environment, but the map is not
the territory.

Yes, but the territory does indeed exist!
Yes, but the territory is darkness for the
whole thing is blind impulse.

I am right on its ass. We will not lose this thought. The vastness of the universe depends on our perceiving it. Without being perceived, there is no vastness.

Is it me, or am I beating my head against a wall? To have eyes and arms is to experience the earth and sky, but without the nervous system of that which perceives, there is no light nor darkness.

I just can't seem to get passed the obstacle, the limitations of our knowledge reflected in the pitfall of dualistic tendencies in the structure of our language. Subject and Object are inseparable. One cannot exist without the other. All subjects are objects to themselves.

Time and space are also two dimensions of the same mental function.

These are very tough patterns to challenge. We see our individual organism born at one point in time, and we know this organism will die "at a later point in time". We feel ourselves to be IN a unit of time. We see TIME existing outside ourselves. This is an error. ALL THE VASTNESS OF ALL TIME AND ALL SPACE exist in ~~the~~ brain. Life lives us.

The trick, the secret to unlocking
that ~~mystery~~ ^{mystery} ~~that~~ ^{which} is so impenetrable,
is to accept and acknowledge the
limits of our understanding.

The secret is, to view everything
as strange and unknowable.

The fact that we are unable to know
the inner nature the world, the WHY,
can be frustrating, but it needn't
be so.

As principium individuationis
we come out of the will, the
invisible, blind impulse to eat.
We are the will (which exists
beyond time and space), and the
only way for us (AS WILL) to
know ourselves is AS
REPRESENTATION.

GIVEN: We know NOT WHY EXISTENCE IS,
but it is our immediate problem.

More paradox: The individual is insignificant
in relation to the species, the
form (Idea), but the throne
of reality is the inner life of
the individual.

Insects and Humans - both manifestations
of will, blind impulse... hostile competition...
discordance... Life is all too real Arthur!

17:00 What will happen if I continue to push for knowledge that is simply not available?

Philosophic Doubt tells us that we are not walking around on a solid earth revolving around a ball of fire, but that we are walking around in our minds. Yes, the world is indeed microscopic... in that it is limited to subjective experience.

For as great and majestic the universe seems to be, it is really nothing more than an insect's life. In the aching bellies of countless "souls (intelligence) trapped in the cycle of birth and death" there is the ugly truth of the blind impulse to relieve suffering.

That is how the will ACTS UPON IT'S manifestations. Desire (will) causes suffering which MOVES the phenomenon to act. We eat to quiet that aching pit we call our belly. Suffering is necessary in order to ensure compliance to the laws of nature.

This whole existence is for suckers. With transcendental knowledge applied to the dilemma of existence itself, that which represents the world as image to the will can persuade the will to recognize the futility of its struggle. We may plan our escape.

17:00

Schopenhauer's transcendental idealism tells us that nothing in this world is any more than a phantom, but this does not break through prison walls.

Does it not do so when time passing turns the civilization (of which the prison walls are part) to dust? In a sense, all the emotion experienced behind the prison walls is a phantom.

Yes, of course, in that we are temporal beings passing through, the entire universe is an idea in our brain, along with the unconscious intelligence in all things.

We say the world is NOTHING BUT representation. We say the state of NJ and the united states of america are make-believe places in the shared reality of the inhabitants.

What is the point in distinguishing between "representation (of our nervous system)" and the nervous system itself?

Our nervous system is the physical manifestation of the world as will. Although this nervous system represents itself to its inner experiential existence, (as well as the immediate qualities of its environment) just because the representations are mental structures in the brain does not in any way change the nature of reality or the reality of nature. We still have to deal with the world as representation as being real.

18:00
06 NOV 09

Before I put the evening coffee on, I went to make one more attempt to clarify what I mean when I say that transcendental knowledge reduces the entire world to mental images in the brain.

A Thermometer is said to be sensitive to temperature. It perceives temperature. That is the extent of its world.

When we speak of "the world", we error in that the world depends on ~~what~~ that which ^{which perceives} "is sensitive to".

The world does not appear the same to man and insect. We are in the same ENVIRONMENT, but our worlds are "INNER EXPERIENCE" oriented. Our worlds depend on our sensory apparatus. What is our equipment sensitive to?

~~Our equipment~~

THE WORLD is limited by that which perceives it. The world depends more on sensitivity than on actual natural forces.

Imagine a blind, dark world of zero dimensions. NO TIME. NO SPACE. NO MEMORY. The brain evolves in animals, creating an infinite amount of INNER WORLDS. The only world is the world of perception.

What we can say about the world is limited to what we are capable of perceiving. We are not capable of entering a Tree's

sensory equipment. We cannot know what the world is to a tree or to a stone. There is still much activity on the microscopic levels.

As long as I live, the mental images I take to be the world will be real to me; but when my organism dies, all that was ever represented/experienced vanishes with the brain. In this sense, the world is no more real than our dreams. In the sense that the world depends on a knowing being to perceive it in order to take form, with the awareness that there is an endless variety of life forms to perceive, will the world exist when I am no longer here to perceive it?

This is way beyond the limits of my ability to comprehend. And yet philosophy must strive to take us where words fail us.

In the end, hunger is the center of the world. There is not one world. That is the problem with trying to find it. That is the thing-in-itself. All worlds of experience are ^{SUBJECTIVE} representations.

18:00
06/11/09

The world of the thing in itself, of blind impulse and hunger is the one real THING, the self that is in all things. It is not even a world (in the sense of a place), but an endless state of struggle. If we did not struggle to eat on a regular, cyclic basis, we would die. There would be no world as representation if there were no world as will!

Yes, but the world as will depends on our representation of it. There would be no world as will if there were no representation of it.

Was there not a world as will "as it was developing higher levels of life"?

When was the first representation?

The sun existed long before there was anything to perceive it, but the sun will die in time.

It is the transience of life that makes it a phantom of the night.

All signs of our existence will eventually fade into nothingness, dissolving like snow.

The question is can we overcome existence or are we prisoners held without any possibility of escape?

What kind of conclusions have I come up with?
Any solutions to the problem of human misery?
The fact that we know the world indirectly
as representation (mental phenomena), we also
experience the world directly as will.

It has been established that the world is
quite real both as will and as representation.
This is no game, and no time to take
things lightly. We are caught up in this
blind impulse, experiencing interludes of
reprieve from the pressure of the
will when the individual sleeps or dies.

First of all, even though we are unique
phenomenon, our basic experience is
a universal condition. This is the world
as will. Whatever time one is born in,
whatever life form, the direct experience
of the world as will to live is the
same: pressure, a problem ~~not~~ demanding
our attention. It does not go away.

I learn to have a spontaneous compassion
for all that lives for I KNOW that
to live is to struggle, to suffer
the pressure of the will.

I would say that the world as will is
the silent, unspeakable level --- whereas
the world of representation is an
abstraction, of the data our mechanisms
"read" & "perceive".

Consciousness of abstracting, we do not deny the reality of the will, but we are aware that the only world we know is the world as it is represented by our nervous system's sensory apparatus.

We do not KNOW the world as will, but rather, we are the world as will, we are the thing in itself in only one particular manifestation.

The fox that eats the rabbit is an example of the paradox of a complex biosphere. Our planet may be a microscopic particle in a larger order of intelligence.

All these lofty ideas are awe inspiring, but being on a microscopic particle (which is your planet) does not change the immediacy of our wills.

No matter what the "larger picture" is, we are unable to behold it, and thus we are forced to ~~de~~ confront existence on the only level that has any meaning for us —

— on the level that it is represented to us by our brains.

And on that level, my fellow travellers, we find ourselves in a hostile environment of discord and the stench in our intestines.

This type of awareness may be viewed as satanic in that we come to identify the old snake as the very pulse of our every movement.

We are no longer enslaved by our culture's preconditioned thought patterns of time, space, and causality. We are here now.

The snake has been here longer than man, longer than man's institutions, longer than the concept of sin.

The brain developed, creating with its development a world of its own — the abstract world as representation.

Stare into the setting sun and know that the bones and blood belong to the sun, were shaped by the sunlight's energy. Knowledge how sacred, complex, and fragile is the beam of understanding that focuses in on reality like a laser beam, and realize that the cultural conditioning determines how we experience reality.

I am not concerned with the entire human race as Korzybski was, but if I can only train my own organism-as-a-whole to be conscious of abstracting, I will learn to maintain a calm, philosophic disposition, instead of being just another ~~cultural~~ member of a culture to be conditioned. The world is in no way solid. It is a dream image produced by microscopic sine waves.

21:00
I no longer feel intimidated by ignorance.

Let ignorant mentalities try to make sense of this ancient puzzle that is the problem of their own existence.

Let them deal with this. To exist is enough to wish on any enemy. Arrogant personalities have that much more of a shock in store for them when their egos are crushed by the inward nature of reality.

The Mind cares not of social position. The Mind sees all. There are no lies. All thoughts are permitted. I am Abraxas, the old snake, the devil, your natural intelligence as an organic phenomenon, the source of all your diary material.

Now, Tell your readers.

That Which Writes is The Natural Intelligence of An Organic Phenomenon. Let us leave the ego at the grave.

I am that which wrote The World As Will and Representation. I am that which wrote The Imitation of Christ. I wrote The Upanisads. I wrote parts of the bible. I am the Eater of Food.

The body of MW Hentrich is a fine specimen. He has not the advantages A Schopenhauer was blessed with, but he is doing well enough to serve as a vessel to brew thoughts in.

Korzybski does not even mention Immanuel Kant even though the silent unspeakable submicroscopic level is the level of things in themselves. The world of representation (appearance) is not an illusion, but an abstraction.

Transcendental Idealism is the belief in the private realm of the mind, that the spatiotemporal objects we experience are appearances (as represented by our nervous system).

Space and Time are FORMS OF SENSIBILITY. They are a priori in that they belong to the nature of the mechanisms of perception in the human brain.

Transcendental Realism, on the other hand, is the belief that the appearances we perceive are really objects (spatiotemporal objects) that exist OUTSIDE THE CREATURE.

Time and space are in us. We are not in space. We are not in time. Both are built into the fibers of our circuitry.

Empirical Realism is beyond question.

I. KANT → "Space itself with all its appearances is only in me, but never the less, the real, that is, the material of all objects of our outer ~~sense~~ intuition; is given." "The real of outer appearances is real in perception only, and can be real in no other way."

23:00
06 W 11
So, Empirical Realism — there corresponds to our outer intuitions something real in space. Space is in our sensory apparatus, so what is real is real only in the sense that it is spatiotemporal phenomenon generated by our intuition.

The Transcendental Idealist is ^{an} ~~the~~ Empirical Realist and allows to matter, a reality as appearance, a reality which does not permit of being inferred, but is immediately perceived.

Transcendental Realism falls into Empirical Idealism, in that it regards the objects of outer sense as something distinct from the senses themselves, treating mere appearance as self-subsistent beings, existing outside us.

In our Transcendental Ideality / Empirical Reality, external things are nothing but appearances, that is, representations in us, of the reality of which we are immediately conscious.

I would say Korzybski and the General Semantics of the 1940's were Empirical Realists as well as Transcendental Idealists. It is strange Korzybski never mentions Kant — or does he? Not once is he mentioned.

I am developing an intuitive understanding of the paradoxical complexities of Transcendental Idealism. All our experience are mental representations of the thing in itself. We can never know the thing in itself. It can only exist for us in our sensibility.

Is this saying the world is an illusion, not real? Things in themselves can only be real to us to the extent they are perceived. What is beyond our perception we can not know.

This is much better than thinking no thing is real. It is also better than believing that what we perceive exists outside of us.

OUR PERCEPTIONS occur within, inside our skin. We perceive our environment. What we abstract from our senses does indeed appear from within the brain — even though our brains "place these objects" outside of us — that is appearance.

It is almost 0100. I had better try to get some rest (some sleep). The air conditioning unit is on up in my sleeping chamber.

DO THINGS-IN-THEMSELVES EXIST OUTSIDE SENSIBILITY?

12

JUNE

Thursday

0100

Kant → "The concept of noumenon - of a thing ~~in itself~~ which is not to be thought of as object of the senses but as "a thing in itself", is not contradictory."

phenomenon → sensible entities as appearances

Knowledge cannot extend its domain into the noumenon (thing in itself).

The concept of noumenon is a limiting concept, to curb our pretensions.

This is why my brain hurts when I try to picture even a simple object such as a chair existing without a sensibility giving it form (time/space).

When I am not holding my pen, when it is in the drawer not being perceived, it DOES EXIST as noumenon. I can never know its true nature, but only in relation to my sensibility.

I think it is enough just to realize be conscious of abstracting, in this way we do not deny the reality of that which we intuit, but merely accept we can't know nor say anything about it outside

its relation to our nervous system.
One thing Korzybski does have in common
with Kant and Schopenhauer is his insistence
that we can not KNOW the territory,
but only the MAPS OF APPEARANCE.

The map is not the territory.
The abstraction is not the sub-microscopic.
The representation (appearance) is not the
thing in itself.

This is the purpose of Korzybski's
caution with the IS of identity.
GRASS IS GREEN. NO. Grass appears
green to us by perception. Perhaps "green"
symbolizes a quality of the grass -
the Spirit of the Grass (as the Indians
would say), the Idea of Grass as
Plato would say.

The grass does exist as noumenon separate
from us - but we can not know
it. We can only know grass as
appearance - and what we intuit
is a complex representation - Not
the thing in itself.

KANT'S victory was a negative one.
He set limits on what we can know.
This is helpful. Tomorrow I will
continue, but with Science and Sanity.
The Critique of Pure Reason is on my shelves should I

12
need to refer to it again. My confusion was in "the existence of the thing in itself outside perception" — and Kant

answers: ~~THE~~ THE THING IN ITSELF CAN ONLY EXIST AS REPRESENTATION. Without representation, it is blind will — a metaphysical noumenon... IT IS BEYOND ~~THE~~ OUR UNDERSTANDING.

The reason I will be utilizing A General Semantics is because I will be able to train my ~~new~~ nervous system to better evaluate its perceptions of the organism as a whole.

The most important thing to remember is that the answers to the mystery of reality is to be found in our brains, in our sensory apparatus, not outside the subject.

The grass cutting machine is a phenomenon in our minds — the grass I cut is in my mind. But the machine itself exists when I am not ~~perceiving~~ perceiving it.

It exists as noumenon — but what is that existence but the submicroscopic level...

This may seem complicated, but it is more accurate than common sense.

20

JUNE

Friday

12:30

There is no soul. There is no presence separate from the organic.

The Pessimists Handbook Part II
Counsel and Maxims
page 711, 712

"The brain can be ruined by overstrain, just like the eyes. As the function of the stomach is to digest, so it is that of the brain to think. The notion of a SOUL — as something elementary and immaterial, merely lodging in the brain and needing nothing at all for the performance of its essential function, which consists in always and unwearyingly thinking — has undoubtedly driven many people to foolish practices, leading to a deadening of the intellectual powers;"

I am waiting on Buddha, but it most likely will not arrive until Saturday or Sunday.

I will just rest or drink beer.

20:30
06 SA 21

Buddha came by 14:00, but it was too late. I had ALCOHOL POISONING real bad at 16:45. It lasted until

20:00! I had to go under hot water, cold water. I was on my knees with my head bowed to the ground blowing air out of my asshole and screaming in agony. I had been poisoned by alcohol.

I had been playing the drums outside all day. Keith and Dave heard me loud and clear.

I handed Ranger Nancy Gahn the schedules for permanent maintenance and seasonal maintenance for the next couple weeks.

Even though I was stoned and completely drunk, I was still organizing, serving in a mental function.

I ate pasta and sauce with $\frac{1}{4}$ can of Coca Cola. I dumped $\frac{3}{4}$ bottle of Budweiser (22oz) down the toilet. My system is still in a state of shock, recovering from the violent reaction my organism had to 82 oz of beer.

13 BEERS IN 5 HOURS.

some Japanese words:

aisha manipulating an overly sympathetic
or soft hearted person.

chi (Ki) "breath", life force, inner energy.

dosha taking advantage of a person's bad temper.

Kuji-kuri ninja method of focusing Ki,
using finger movements.

Kuromaku "black curtain";
the power behind the throne

neko cat; ninja "invisible person"

ninjo compassion

ninjutsu "the art of invisibility", training
in stealth, climbing, unarmed
combat (taijutsu), and weapon skills.

oyabun godfather, "parent role"

sarariman "salary man", employee

sumimasen so sorry

yakuza criminal underworld

21:30
07 F 4

I cut Camp Vrendenburg from 1PM to
5PM after cutting C. Say's lawn. He
owes me ten frogskins.
That ~~at~~ duty cop jumping me was first blood!

Interoffice Memo CAMPV.DOC written
and put in office.

05

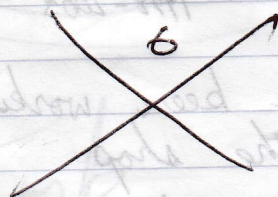
JULY (Sat)

02:45

I set up my tent in the front yard
for July 7 to 13 vacation.
Will leave it up until the 24th
or 25th, when I go to
CROW Hill, IF I go.

JW4crow.doc written

I will sleep outside in the tent
until 0730 when I get up for
work.



14:00

memos done, rack body @ central, "Charging The
Cannon", The Mission Statement

I will load wood into Say's w/KW
Chuck paid me \$20.00
\$10 bonus!

18:30
07 54 06
21803
HISTORIC
Tank House

SHOP
OFFICE

SPIES



My beloved
1983
VW
Jetta

THE
WALL

VW Blocks
VISION
OF SPIES

Mikay's
TENT

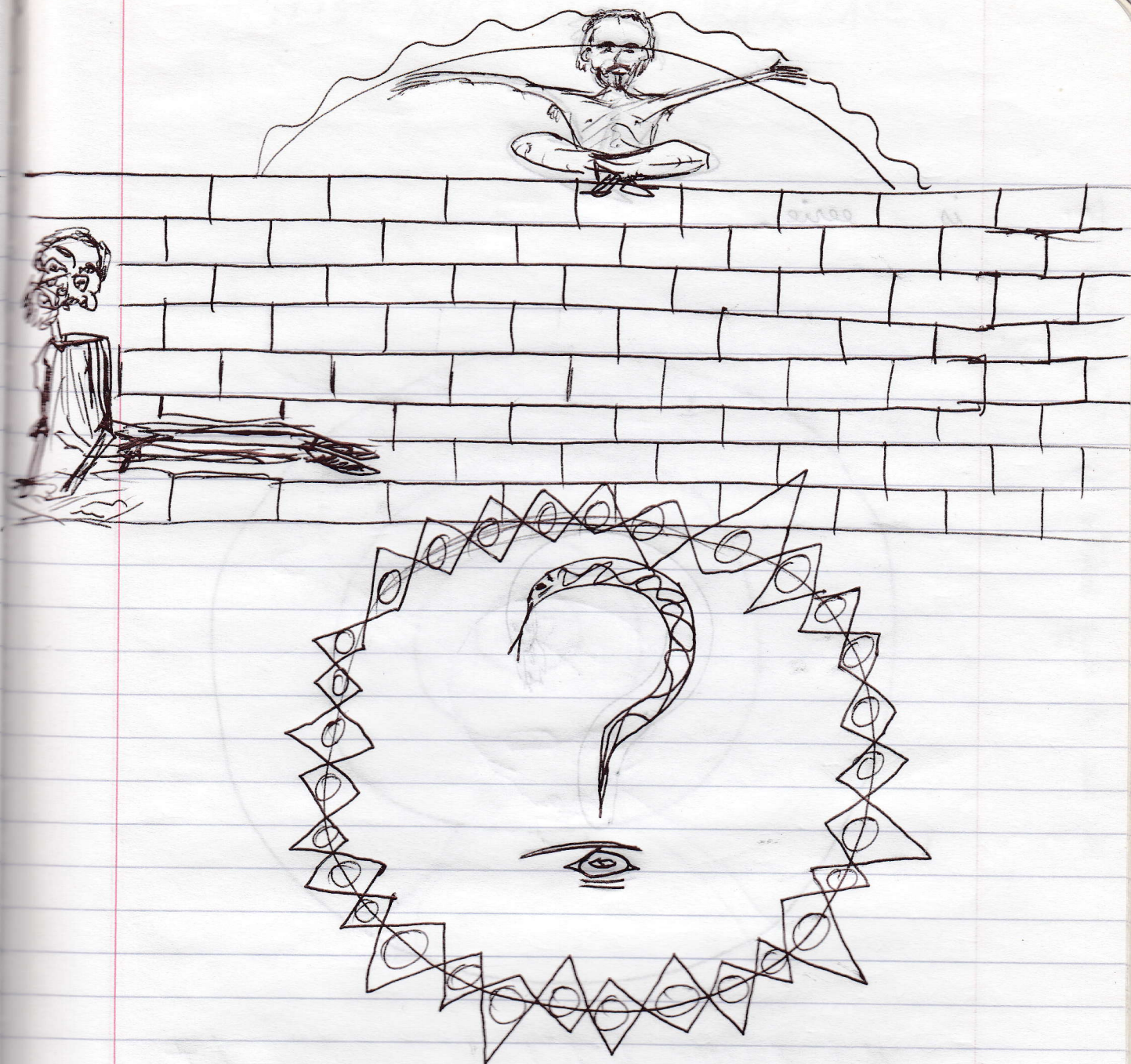
July 1997
One Week Before "The Forest"

HOP
FICE

00
00

cks
ON
PIES

rest"



THE BOOK OF WONDER CONTINUES
in the form of SCRIBBLING BRAINWAVES .

The present series is labeled (theta) Θ .
We are beginning Θ_2 , to be the third
in the Θ SERIES . Needless to say,
the SYNCHRONICITY with the $\Theta_1 \rightarrow \Theta_2$ AND 7 days off

Mead

REFLECTIONS

JANUARY 1998 2

~~SCRIBBLING DRAFTS~~



2

JULY 1997

JAN 1998



100 sheets
composition book

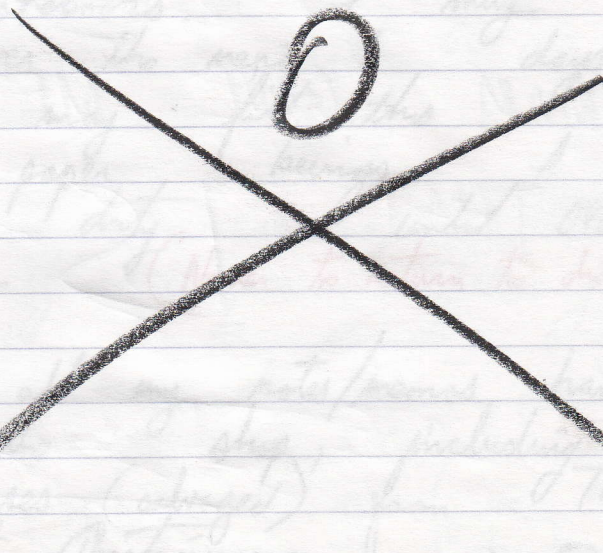
PAID REALITY

07 JULY 1997 Monday (day off for working weekend)

The list of Sunday Days of Race from
the Sunday day in the past for a "day night",
working to fight said drugs in the past.
I enter the house with very
determined intentions of making coffee and
taking a shower and I don't have much

WAVE \bigcirc \bigcirc
2

- That Crazy White "Boy-Man-Animal" That Loves
Loud Music and Drugs Is A "Holy Man"
- Only I Guide My Inner Self
- Freehold Boro Police Arrest Crazy White Boy
see Monmouth County Jail Writings 1.. 12
see TURNING POINT



07

JULY 1997 Monday (day off for working weekend)

The First of Seven Days of Peace:

I sleep in the tent for a third night, waking to light rain drops on the tent.

I enter the house with very determined intentions of making coffee and taking a shower. I have a desire for a hot bath.

My mother called to verify a 10:45 AM appointment for me to install a bulb in her VW. I am CHARGING her ONE PACK OF MARLBORO BOX cigarettes!

She says she hates to "support my habit". She resents "the beast".

I have started a section in Hardcover 77 called "As The Book of Wonder Continues".

It will contain sections that coincide (in time) with the Scrubbing Brainwares Series Notebooks. I may write more in it over the next 7 days or else I may fill this little slab of paper being off of paper duty until 0800 Monday 07 14.

(Never to return to duty) MWH 12/25/97

I hope all my notes/memos have been ready in the shop, including my few responses (salvaged) from The Mission Statement Questionnaire.

X

08 JULY 1997 Tuesday

The Second of Seven Days of Peace

I sold 3 cd's to Disco O'Round for \$6.25;
this was after I had already purchased
the 3 22 ounce Bud bottles @ SRL.
I gassed up with \$5.00 and put \$1.25 toward smokes.
When I get back to "The Henrich Camp"
I put my leg moccasins on.

All is well. I am anxious to
get the bass guitar on Friday. I will
also go to Sam's, but most
my money will be spent by Monday,
the 14th of July. (author will be arrested)

The next pay day is not until the 25th.
My only hope is that the
clothing allowance check is in
the 11th (of 7) check - Then I
am in for a good couple of
weeks as another OT check
is on the way! ??? SAVE THIS ???
MWH 2015

Today is taken care of. Tomorrow and
Thursday are taken care of.
I will be in dire straits (and
working many days in a row) over
the next couple of weeks.

The bass guitar will give me the ability
to write songs. Extraterrestrial
Indians may become a reality.

09 JULY 1997 Wednesday

The Third of Seven Days of Peace

09:00

I was first awoken by WT Albert's horn, but I fell back to sleep until 0845. I remember last night. I drove to Great Adventure but decided not to go in. The ground is "dirty with gum and sticky food stuff". I had my leg moccasins on. They are for the clean dirt, grass, and weeds of the earth, not for the slime on the ~~of~~ concrete.

I walked through the "hole in the wall" across the orchard, across the bridge, into the park (VC Hill). I walked through areas between the Toro Trailer and the VC Hill; I walked through trails in the darkness using my staff to "see, feel" the curvature of the ground.

By the time I got back to my camp, I was ready to collapse (in underpants, under blanket) on to the blankets on the floor of my tent.

Mom will be dropping \$10.00 off real soon. I may visit WT Albert @ shop.

10 July (Thursday) The Fourth of Seven Days of Peace

17:00

My message to JW3, TS, PS, Dick B, etc... JNoe, CD...

ONLY I GUIDE MY INNER SELF.

This morning I send loud heavy metal into the airwaves surrounding "the Hentrich Rez".

These assholes in authority underestimate my inner powers. My intellect,

my philosophy, my music are invisible realities that cannot be "taken away".

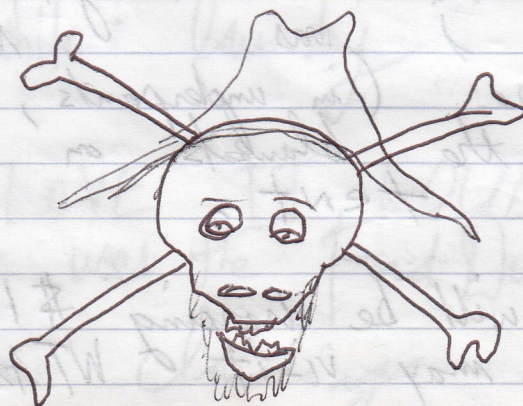
They can remove me from their park, but they cannot remove my character.

Who is anyone to label a quality as a character defect?

My anger is a gift!

I am COMING ALIVE,
I am FIGHTING BACK.

"Obey like a fool! Take his head off God Dammit!"



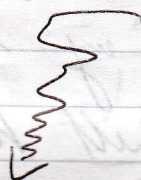
PROPHETIC! How did I know?

23:4

17:00

This is unbelievable. I find it hard to digest
as I write it, but Chuck Sany said I
have been put on "SUSPENDED WITH PAY" until I
get my MED'S straight. I am not
permitted in the shop until I
am "cool". The authorities want
my MEDICATION put on full speed
ahead before I start a REVOLUTION
like the world has never seen since
the days of that NAZERENE!

23:45 I left my diary from July 1988 @ shop



Is that a good idea?

What's up with
these Bore
Cops?

What's up with
all cops?

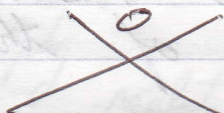
Am I insane
or are they a bunch
of fat, corrupt dick heads?
like R2 SHIT!
SCUM!

11 JULY 1997 Friday

01:00

The time has come for me to sleep with
lg moccasins on AND jeans in tent
without Rain Net.

The Thunder has come and gone.



I left 2 diaries @ KW place mat.

I will hear Hell Break Loose
from my tent -
then I will hide in
garage or even
upstairs.

I will see no one
but Keith or JW4
Tomorrow.

I am a little pissed,

12:00

Now that I retrieved my ATM card from the bank, went by the PO to mail bills, and have 20 cash in reserve, I think I am ready to seek bliss in sleep.

I have no choice but to detach from the world of form. So many worries are artificial, only relevant to our culture. The writing of checks is RTA. When I have no income, all stops. Money is strange.

17:00

Although no one had anything negative to say about me at their "MIKEY MEETING" @ RZ office, I am still going to be coerced to take medication and to stop ingesting beer and pot.

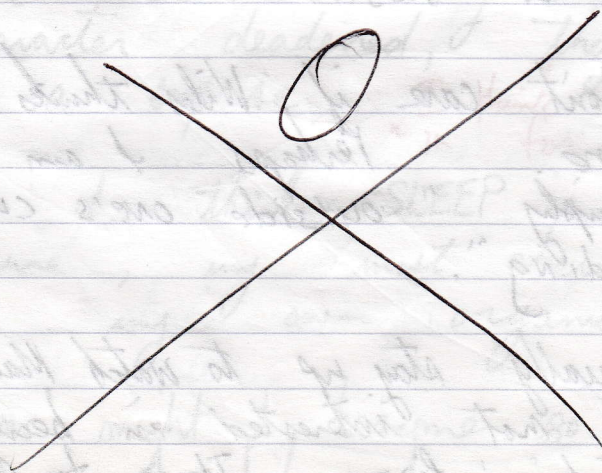
My handwriting is CRACKED.

$$630 - 410 = 220, \quad 220 - 40 = 180 - 50 = 130;$$

$$130 - 30 = 100 \quad (\text{today})$$

I think I will go to Shop Rite for a couple boxes of Cocoa Puffs and to Blockbuster to rent The Island of Doctor Moreau.

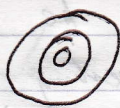
I still wish someone would make a movie of This Perfect Day.



19:30
07 SA 12

I taped The Island of Doctor Moreau, and I am
uncomfortably hot. I still have my drums on
the front porch. Perhaps I will drink a
couple beers while soaking in a hot tub
and by then the sun will have
faded to night. Perhaps then I will
drum and sing outside. I will
record.

When I woke up in the tent this
morning, I felt the APE WITHIN me.



21:30

I am tired. I will sleep inside if
the room upstairs cools down. I just turned
the g.c. on. I may take a sleeping
pill after I move the drums inside.

I will bare the tent up for some time.
Just because I start this
SUSPENDED WITH PAY crap Monday does
not mean I can no longer sleep
in my tent outside.

I don't care if Wiles thinks I am
going insane. Perhaps I am. Insanity
is simply "outside one's culture's
understanding".

I usually stay up to watch Mad TV, but
I am not interested in being entertained.
No more Fedricci's Pizza. It is too fucking expensive.

Notice I
was
SUSPENDED
WITH PAY
when I
started
sleeping
in a
TENT
in the yard.

I have no faith in modern psychiatry.
I do not believe in a psychological disease
called manic-depression, but my culture
believes in it, and this is the condition
I am labeled with. It seems as though
my taking medication will be mandatory.

I don't mind. I guess I could
use a bit of "calming down".



What I want to remember is that this
is for free and that I would be wise
to go along with it. I am
not sure how the "representatives
of sanity" will react to my drinking
alcohol instead of taking
lithium. I wonder if they
(PRINCETON HOUSE) will contact CPC or
Carrier Foundation.

If these people are expecting me to
cooperate with having my
character deadened, they are in
for a surprise. - I think it was I who was
"in for a SURPRISE!"

I think SLEEP is my greatest
pleasure, my most cherished escape
from my own organism's cravings.

How might I become so detached (as in
sleep) while I am awake?

13 JULY 1997 Sunday { time is concated by
our culture }

- 11:00 What is Today's date for the deer, squirrels,
monkeys, trees, bugs, etc? There is no time.
As this is Day Seven of Seven Days of Peace,
I will attempt to (1) TAKE OUT ALL TRASH
(2) DESIGN better system for disposal of trash - leave
large can in garage, smaller can in kitchen.
(3) clean clothes (4) clean dishes
(5) clean kitchen floor (6) clean den
(7) clean desk tops (8) return movie

I will not restrict myself to a list
with time intervals nor will I follow
any order. I will go with the
flow. I would like to
wake up in a clean house
tomorrow. I want to be ready.

While doing house work, I will be
reading through old diary material so
as to develop a deeper
understanding of my trip to
Princeton House.

I will not argue with the "ADVISORS"
of this "perfect" day. I may accept
medication some exposure to 12 STEPISM,
even abstinence from alcohol, but
I will continue to smoke ganjah.

12:40
075413

Changes: Eric is on his way. He will be here by 2PM. I will run the tape over to KW, buy 1 pack of American Spirit Tobacco cigarettes, then head on to
TAKE GARBAGE TO DUMPSTER
CLEAN DISHES

GO TO SET₄: Monmouth County Jail Writings
phases: Legal Pad Numbers 1 through 12

SET₅: Reflections Upon My Inner Condition
phase: Turning Point

arrested 7/14/97 5:15 PM
by Freehold Boys Police for "eluding"
when I did not even
know they were chasing me.

The reason for the pursuit?
- A hit and run accident that never
happened! In MCCI for 4 months,
Turning Point 28 days!

5 YEARS PROBATION and

(see above)